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THE KNIGHTS OF St. PATRICK.

By J. J. Cummins. — Air: Aileen Asthore.

Success to the Knights of St Patrick's green soil,
Who, banded together, unite for one cause;
May they live to see Ireland, from Kinsale to
Lough-Foyle,
Free from tyranny's heel and the curs'd British laws.

Though far from our homes and the land of our love,
We, Knights of St. Patrick, stand firm as a rock
To the cause we espouse — and the future will prove
That our title comes down from the genuine stock.

We are Knights in true honor, in sunshine or shower;
No foreign oppressor has given us our right;
Our Escutcheon is 'blazoned with: Freedom and power!
And — "All people are Kings when they rise in
their might!"

As we turn to poor Erin, we see her wan brow,
And the shackles an Alien has cast round her form;
We scarce know our fair land as we gaze on her now—
So much has she suffered from tempest and storm!

But we're up and we're doing this side of the wave;
Look up, my poor land, there is hope, there is joy:
With God and with BULLETS our Country we'll save—
Keep steady, each man, and keep steady, each boy!

Let the Irish abroad and the Irish at home
Fall in and keep counsel, dress up and mark time;
For, the day soon will come when the billowy foam
Will flash a bright light o'er our own native clime.

Then, let us, sir Knights, at our festal to-night,
Quaff a bowl for success to our dear native sod;
Let's toast and be merry—for, soon we must fight
For the land of St. Patrick, and Freedom, and God.

H. DE MARSAN
DEALER IN SONGS, TOY BOOKS &c.
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